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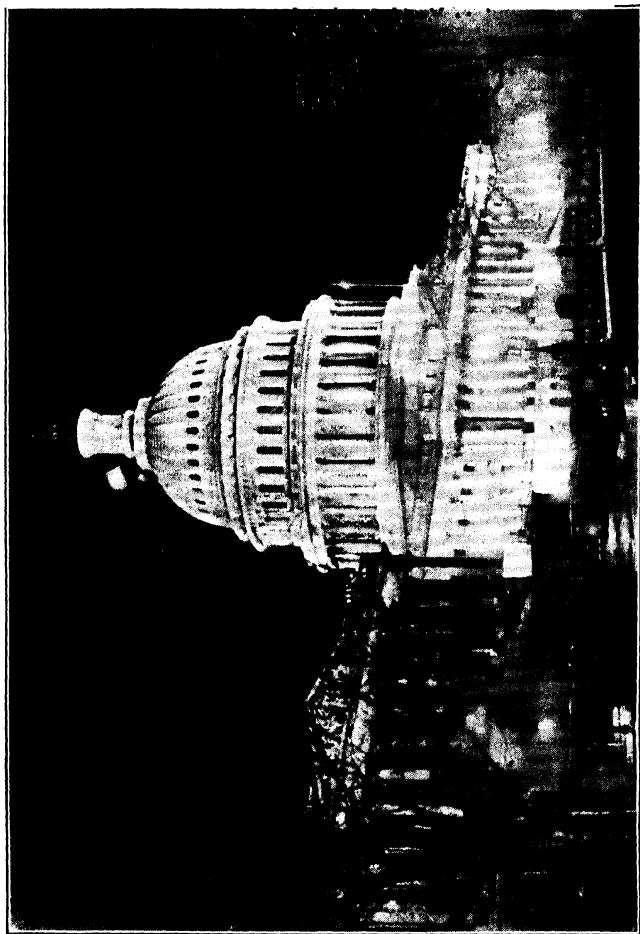
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THE AMERICAN SOUL



THE CAPITOL

THE AMERICAN SOUL

AN APPRECIATION OF THE FOUR GREATEST
AMERICANS AND THEIR LESSON FOR
PRESENT AMERICANS

BY

CHARLES SHERWOOD FARRISS
Vice-Pres. of Jno. B. Stetson University

*"Grant this, then man must pass from old to new,
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good, to what now proves
first." — ROBERT BROWNING.*



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A Prefatory Warning

*Here honest words of great men gone are spoken, true
To life; but all that might be said is left the nonce
For larger space.*

*No hardness, sourness, envy, hate
Is here allowed. If these you seek, close tight the book.*

Invocation

O, God of Lincoln, God of Lee,—oh, lead us, Lord,
Of Washington, and Roosevelt, rare,—oh, guard us
Lord!

The work which Thou hast wrought we beg that Thou
shalt keep

Against an evil day perchance ourselves may bring.
Keep off the storms which counter currents often
raise;

Fast chain our foolish passion's passing gales within,
Nor let them, raging, move apart the stones just set,
And scatter ruin where now our house so stately
stands.

Oh, let there be no fool's harsh word on land or sea,
Which gathers force ofttimes with good men off their
guard,

And makes them act more foolishly than he who threw
The brand which fired their souls with false and base
alarms.

Oh, let there be no Prejudice, in North or South,
Vile bird that casts its feathered darts from off its
back,

To wound with brazen claws and wings and hideous
beak,

And feed on human flesh while foreign Harpies breed.

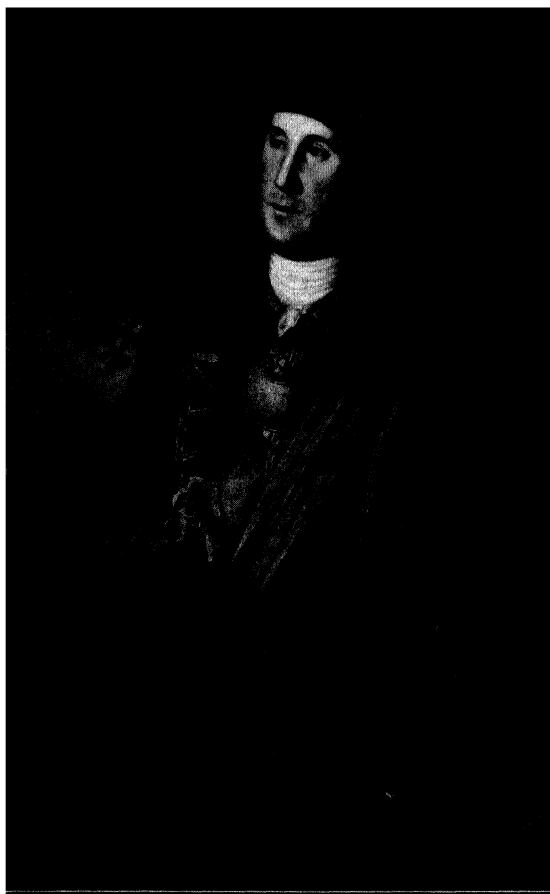
“All America is thrown into one mass. Where are your landmarks — your boundaries of colonies? They are all thrown down. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders, are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American.” — *John Adams’ Diary, as quoted by W. Irving, giving extract from speech of Patrick Henry, in the first American Congress.*

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*National Freedom — Indissoluble Union — Moral
and Military Greatness — Virile Americanism.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON



WASHINGTON AS A BRITISH LIEUTENANT
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"The man who, amid the decadence of modern ages first dared believe that he could inspire degenerate nations with courage to rise to the level of republican virtues, lived for all nations and for all centuries."—*Talleyrand, French Minister of Foreign Affairs under Bonaparte.*

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of heaven."—*From Washington's address before Congress tendering his resignation as Commanding General.*

"Should the States reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that opportunity will never be offered to cancel another in peace; the next will be drawn in blood."—*G. W.*

*(Traditionally related of him when signing
the Constitution.)*

George Washington

WE have all had, from our childhood, a wonderful report of George Washington; but it was not equal to the reality. The stories told of his boyhood are not believed to-day. Nevertheless, his life reads like a charming romance. Augustine Washington was thrown from a carriage in London. On arising, he looked for the first time into the lovely eyes of Mary Ball, who afterwards became the mother of our first President. Who can believe in accidents! The young George was himself of a decidedly romantic turn. From fourteen to twenty-five he was violently in love many times. In fact, Washington was never unsuccessful in anything but courtship. Possibly his lack of success in these things was only the way the fates had of guiding him eventually to the doorstep of Martha Dandridge, the young, intelligent and charming widow of Daniel Parke Custis. At the time of his marriage he was twenty-seven years old. He had already gained fame in the French and Indian wars. The young Colonel retired from the Army, went to Mount Vernon, which had fallen into his possession by the death of Lawrence Washington, his brother. There he spent his honeymoon. With Lord Fairfax, the friend of his boyhood, and many gentlemen of

Our First
President

Success
in Love

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the day, he hunted foxes and discussed the glowing questions of the day. He served as a member of the House of Burgesses, and also had time to become a diligent and most successful farmer besides. Those were happy days at Mount Vernon. But clouds were gathering. Events soon took an ominous turn.

Clouds Gather

The stupidity of the English Ministry and Parliament of that period is quite incredible in these later times. The Virginia Assembly had protested in vain against what is known as the Stamp Act. This Act required that the Colonists pay a revenue tax upon "all their commercial paper, legal documents, pamphlets and newspapers," and affix revenue stamps thereto. In furtherance of the Act British soldiers took up their residence at different places at the expense of the Colonists. In this manner Grenville, the British Prime Minister, attempted to defray "the expenses of defending, protecting and securing the colonies." "But," as Mr. Wilson remarks, "he came near losing them instead. (The Act was passed in March; it was not to go into effect until November; but the Colonists did not keep them waiting until November for their protests.)

A Storm
of Protest

It was the voice of a veritable tempest that presently came over the sea to the ear of the startled Minister." The year before (1764) the Virginia House of Burgesses had protested in advance against such taxation. That protest had been disregarded. What must be done? To

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speak against the Act now that it has passed Parliament, would be nothing short of treason. Was it possible that the men who had left England for their freedom would submit to a measure that violated their liberties? It was a time for courageous deliberation, for wise indignation, for implied dissent of a menacing nature; but not of intemperate disobedience. And why not open opposition? Was there not really a determination to resist the injustice that had been perpetrated against America? Yes. Then why not oppose in so many words? That was the position of Patrick Henry, the new member from Hanover. That young lawyer and country storekeeper, offered resolutions and made a speech which startled the House of Burgesses and thrilled the world. The impetuosity and charm of his eloquence carried the majority with him. But patriots like Peyton Randolph, Edmund Pendleton, Robert Carter Nicholas, George Wythe, and others of the older and more conservative members, were alarmed. They feared that all the fat was being cast into the fire. Some of them even cried Treason! Treason! when Patrick Henry reached the climax of his defiant address and recommended that the English King consider well the fate of Caesar and Charles the First. "If that be treason, make the most of it!" he said.

Patrick
Henry's
Boldness

What did Washington do? Let us glance toward his seat in the House during this excite-

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More
temperate
than Henry

ment at Henry's address. It is well to do so. It has the effect of calming one's nerves. There he sat in silence, feeling deeply, but with the calm of the brave soldier, the vision of the seer and the determination of the patriot. He felt that Henry was right. But no one was ever further from intemperate act or thought than was George Washington. So he was opposed to the intemperate part of the Henry resolutions which, had they been adopted, would have brought a British Army at once to the American shores. Possibly Jefferson had Washington in mind when he looked back on those glowing days and said. "Although we often wished to have gone faster, we slackened our pace, that our less ardent colleagues might keep up with us; and they, on their part, differing nothing from us in principle, quickened their gait somewhat beyond that which their prudence might of itself have advised." But Washington, while not radical or precipitate, was convinced that the Stamp Act could never be enforced, and so wrote to Philip Dandridge, in London. The Stamp Act was repealed but its principle was repeated. It was followed, in 1767, with "taxes on glass, paper, painters' colors and tea imported in the Colonies with a purpose to pay fixed salaries to the Crown's officers in the Colonies out of the proceeds; and the contested ground was all to go over again." Even Jefferson would not accuse Washington of being slow of step in the face

Stamp Act
Continued
in Principle

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of a letter which the latter wrote at this time to that splendid lawyer and statesman, George Mason. "At a time," said Washington, "when our Lordly Masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom, it seems highly necessary that something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain the liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. That no man should scruple or hesitate for a moment, to use arms in defence of so valuable a blessing, on which all the good and evil of life depends, is clearly my opinion. Yet arms, I would beg leave to add, should be the last resource."

The first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia in 1774. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was President. Samuel Adams, rough of speech, adroit, and a natural born rebel, controlled the Massachusetts delegation. They had suffered most, with British troops quartered upon Boston and the port shut up. The so-called Congress was hardly more than a meeting of Committees' from the several Colonies. Patrick Henry, one of the representatives from Virginia, said that unquestionably Colonel George Washington was "the greatest man on the floor." Yet he did not figure as a leader there, although he was reported as taking advanced ground in his sentiments against the gross treatment of Massachusetts'

First
Congress

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His
Earnestness

Colony. One striking utterance was: "I will raise one thousand men, enlist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston!" If he said that, he was decidedly side by side with Patrick Henry.

Second
Congress

The second Continental Congress met at Philadelphia on the 10th of May, 1775. Ominous events led up to it. There was a great difference between it and the first Congress—that only protested—this acted. War had actually begun. Ethan Allen was at that instant taking possession of Fort Ticonderoga. 16,000 Continentals were in or near Boston. Washington was present, an out and out rebel, in his Continental uniform, ready to assist to the extent of his life and fortune. He was unanimously elected to take command of the new army which was waiting for a leader. He said to Congress, in accepting the commission: "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room, that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." Two days later he was on his way to take command. John Adams said of him: "There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington." Says Woodrow Wilson: "It was an object lesson in the character of the revolution to see Washington ride through the Colonies to take charge of an insurgent army. That noble figure drew all eyes to it; that mien as if the

Washington
elected
Commander

The New
General a
Noble Figure

GEORGE WASHINGTON

man were a prince ; that sincere and open countenance, which every man could see was lighted by a good conscience ; that cordial ease in salute, as of a man who felt himself brother to his friends. There was something about Washington that quickened the pulses of a crowd at the same time that it awed them, that drew cheers which were a sort of voice of worship. Children desired sight of him, and men felt lifted after he had passed. It was good to have such a man ride all the open way from Philadelphia to Cambridge, in sight of the people, to assume command of the people's army. It gave character to the thoughts of all who saw him." Was there ever a finer portraiture, inside and outside, than that? It carries us pell-mell into those exciting days and places us upon the side-lines to lift our hats and, not shout but pray, for the man who must, by his wonderful magnetism, both create and hold together, for eight bitter years, the army which struck the blows of freedom and made secure the future of the world's greatest republic — a man whose doings thereafter were the history of America. Henry Cabot Lodge says of him: "The people looked upon him, and were confident that this was a man worthy and able to dare and do all things." Every step of the way as he rode to Boston was a part of a great triumphal entry upon his duties. Bunker Hill had been fought before he arrived in Boston.

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“Did the militia fight?” was his quiet though pulsating inquiry of the messenger. “Yes!” “Then the liberties of the country are safe.” I quote from Mr. Lodge’s biography: “Mrs. John Adams,” he says, “warm-hearted and clever, wrote to her husband after the general’s arrival: “Dignity, ease and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me,—

“Mark his majestic fabric! He’s a temple!
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
His soul’s the deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the God.”

New England
true to
Washington

Lady, lawyer and surgeon, patriot and tory, all speak alike, and as they wrote, so New England felt. A slave owner, an aristocrat, and a churchman, Washington came to Cambridge to pass over the heads of native generals to the command of a New England army, among a democratic people, hard working and simple in their lives, and dissenters to the backbone, who regarded episcopacy as something little short of papistry and quite equivalent to toryism. Yet the shout that went up from soldiers and people on Cambridge Common on that pleasant July morning came from the heart and had no jarring note. On the field of battle and throughout eight years of political

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strife the men of New England stood by the great Virginian.”

This dramatic beginning, had a great multitude of more and more dramatic sequences. Indeed for the six years from Bunker Hill to Yorktown Washington's life was an epic made up of hundreds of startling dramas. I have not the space to tell of the manner in which he baffled the English Generals, Howe, Gage, Clinton and Cornwallis—of his occupation of, and retreat from New York City through New Jersey—of his crossing the Delaware, capturing Trenton, punishing the British at Princeton—of his pledging his private fortune for the payment of his troops—of his defeat of Howe at Brandywine—of his heroic struggles at Valley Forge—of his attack on Clinton at Monmouth Court House—of his exasperation at Richard Henry Lee, his grief at Arnold's treason, and his outwitting and capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown. These events, as events, have been familiar to us since childhood; but their full significance, as they were experienced by Washington, we have never felt at their full value, simply from the fact that no historian has ever sounded the depths of the great protagonist who occupied the centre of the stage during the whole of those stirring times. He had won the war at Yorktown; but two full years passed before peace was finally made by the dilatory Congress. In the meantime, the

His life from
now on an
Epic

Congress
dilatory in
making peace

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Washington rebukes offer to make him head of a new government

most dramatic event of the entire war occurred. It was nothing less than the direct offer to Washington of a Kingdom by the army. The incident is known as Colonel Nicola's proposal from the fact that he was the writer of the letter to Washington. The main cause of the proposal was the unpopularity of the civil government with the soldiers. They desired to overthrow it and place Washington at the head of a stronger form of government. Today, as we read of the ingratitude of Congress, which refused to pay the soldiers, and yield them that consideration which they deserved, our hearts grow hot with wrath. But while the great chieftain was on the side of the soldiers, he was deeply hurt at their offer. Nothing ever so stung him. He rebuked them severely in his reply, and hoped that the country might never know of the offer which had been made to him. He was not tempted. What tempted and overcame Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, only gave pain to Washington. It is true that the country was full of anarchy; the government was reeling like a drunken man; a pusillanimous, unpatriotic, jealous even dishonorable Congress was playing politics, forcing the child of his labors, sacrifices and prayers every day nearer the brink of the precipice. Nor did he shrink from the glittering offer from any thought of unsuccess. By no means. "The army," says Mr. Lodge, "was the one coherent,

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active and thoroughly organized body in the country. There would have been in fact no serious opposition, probably because there would have been no means of sustaining it. The absolute feebleness of the general government was shown a few weeks later, when a recently recruited regiment of Pennsylvania troops mutinied, and obliged Congress to leave Philadelphia.—This mutiny was put down suddenly and effectively by Washington, very wroth at the insubordination of raw troops who had neither fought nor suffered.’ I quote again from Mr. Lodge: “From the surrender of Yorktown to the day of his retirement from the Presidency, he worked unceasingly to establish union and strong government in the country he had made independent. He accomplished this great labor more successfully by honest and lawful methods than if he had taken the path of the strong-handed savior of society, and his work in this field did more for the welfare of his country than all his battles.—To have refused supreme rule, and then to have effected in the spirit and under the forms of free government all and more than the most brilliant of military chiefs could have achieved by absolute power, is a glory which belongs to Washington alone.” All will agree that Mr. Lodge makes a just estimate of the noble act of Washington in refusing a crown. Every one, with the exception of Thomas Carlyle, would

Mr. Lodge's
opinion of
probable
Success

Mr. Carlyle's
opinion

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endorse it. But then Mr. Carlyle did not love America—neither does America love Mr. Carlyle. For it is wholly capable of seeing that the man who found Emerson barren, could underestimate the man who whipped the English armies, and failed to grasp the supreme power when the opportunity presented itself. But Washington was a man of faith that he had been directed by Jehovah. “I consider it my indispensable duty,” he said at the end of his resignation as General, “to close this last solemn act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping.” “It was,” says Woodrow Wilson, “as if spoken on the morrow of the day upon which he accepted his commission: the same diffidence, the same trust in a power greater and higher than his own.”

In the
President's
Chair

Washington was twice elected President without opposition. He served two terms of four years each. He refused to be elected for a third term. When he was elected for the first time he accepted the office only after Hamilton had plead with him that it was his duty. Governor Johnson, of Maryland had written him that he could explain to any one else except him why the country must have him. “To make any one else President,” says Mr. Wilson, “it seemed to men everywhere, would be like

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crowning a subject while the King was by.” Those two terms of his Presidency were tumultuous years. They included the time of the formation of political parties; they embraced the years of the French Revolution; it was then that the battle of the giants on the formation of a National Bank was fought in Congress; it was the time of the whiskey rebellion; it was the time when we began the claiming of the empire of the great West. Through it all Washington was as great and righteous and efficient as he was when General. In fact, he reached the high-water-mark of his career when he laid his stern hand upon Jefferson’s policy to embroil and embrogle us in a wild and entangling alliance with France engaged in a revolution which had no resemblance to ours. But for the wisdom and firmness of Washington, Jefferson would have brought upon us the vengeance of Europe. The last year of his Presidency was quiet and prosperous. The country again idolized him. Men who had abused him for preventing an alliance with France and for signing a treaty with England grew ashamed of themselves. When the day came to yield up his office to John Adams “all eyes were bent upon that great figure in black velvet.” On his way to the Capitol the people thronged after him. It was not the new President, but their beloved Washington they desired to see. The scene touched

As great as
Politician
as General

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him. "No man ever saw him so moved." As the tears coursed their way down his cheeks, the hearts of the people were bent in sorrow. He went back to Mount Vernon to the country-life he loved. Unfortunately, this time was brief. On the 12th of December, 1799, on going the rounds of his farms, he caught a violent cold which settled in his throat. By evening of the next day the end had come. "He was calm the day through," says Wilson, "as in time of battle; knowing what betided, but not fearing it; steady, noble, a warrior figure to the last; and he died as those who loved him might have wished to see him die." When the news sped over the nation the people sobbed with the deepest grief. The flags and standards of France were hung with crepe and the flags of the English fleet were lowered to half-mast. The report of Talleyrand, the French Foreign Minister, constitutes one of the finest eulogies ever made to mortal man: I quote its closing paragraph: "The man who, amid the decadence of modern ages, first dared believe that he could inspire degenerate nations with courage to rise to the level of republican virtues, lived for all nations, and for all centuries; and this nation which first saw in the life and success of that illustrious man a foreboding of his destiny, and therein recognized a future to be realized and duties to be performed, had every right to class him as a fellow citizen. I there-

The world
griever at
his death

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fore submit to the first consul the following decree: "Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic decrees as follows: Article 1. A statue is to be erected to General Washington. Article 2. This statue is to be placed in one of the squares of Paris, to be chosen by the Minister of the Interior, and it shall be his duty to execute the present decree."

As we turn away from the tomb of the great we become reflective. The greatness of Washington compels us to this. Even in his youth he was a man of high spirit and just perceptions, of great moral as well as physical courage. He always acted in accordance with his sense of justice. A case in point was when Governor Dinwiddie raised ten companies with as many independent captains, and ruled that there should be no officer above the rank of Captain. As Washington was already Colonel, the act was considered demeaning by him and he went back to his farm at Mount Vernon. The Governor was surprised, (and Thomas Penn was concerned that Colonel Washington's conduct was so imprudent.) With this sort of behavior in mind, how can you account for the fact that he always impressed those who knew him best as having a great restraint and self-command? His intimate friends knew him as a man whom they had never seen in a passion. Yet, we know there were stories of outbursts against cowardice in the army, disobedience

A man of
Self-restraint

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The old-time
Gentleman

and neglect on the part of overseers, and theft from trespassers. We have all heard the story of the poacher who was shooting wild-fowl on Washington's game preserves. The villain, as Washington approached him to scold him, levelled his gun upon him. The act aroused the fighting spirit of the man who loved the whistle of bullets. He plunged his horse into the water, snatched the gun from the hands of the rogue and thrashed him. This was the Washington who made it lively for the cowardly soldier or even the disobedient general. That other Washington, the silent, wholesome, open-minded, red-blooded product of the polite training of Lord Fairfax, Greenway Court and Mount Vernon—the Washington of that marvelous self-poise—the Washington who, when others were rending their garments and casting the dust into the air stood calm amid the storm, self-reflective and far-visioned—the Washington who could pilot a revolution when the storms of passion which swept across his soul pressed down upon that lake of fire in his own breast and compelled its calm—the Washington who could repress his feelings when an incompetent Congress expected everything of him and his ragged, starving army and yet did nothing for them in the way of sending supplies—the Washington who could kneel in the snow at Valley Forge, amid the bloody footprints of a shoeless soldiery and confidently

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expect great things of the God of battles—the Washington who could almost bankrupt his large estate that he might serve his country—the Washington who could wait for time and events to disprove the accusations of the Conway-Gates Conspiracy against him—the Washington who could, by that great, quiet, presence of his, allay the fiery antagonisms of rival statesmen—the Washington who could successfully steer a revolution, shape a Constitution and lay down his task at the close with gratitude to God and as much revered by his fellow citizens as was Solon by the Athenians—the Washington who far surpassed in his statesmanship any of his critics or admirers—the Washington whom Napoleon regarded as one of the greatest generals of History—this was the Washington (let me say it calmly) the serene, unruffled, urbane, quiet spirit whose presence gave him precedence over all, and whose unsullied character, pre-eminent abilities, modesty, masterful self-control, and yet withal, Olympian reserve power, were simply overwhelming.

Steering a
Revolution

We have had no man in American history like unto him—no man comparable to him in all things, though others equalled him—even excelled him—in some things. At this late day we view him with a passionless gaze, and weigh his qualities with unfevered mind. Wise writers of history are in no danger of con-

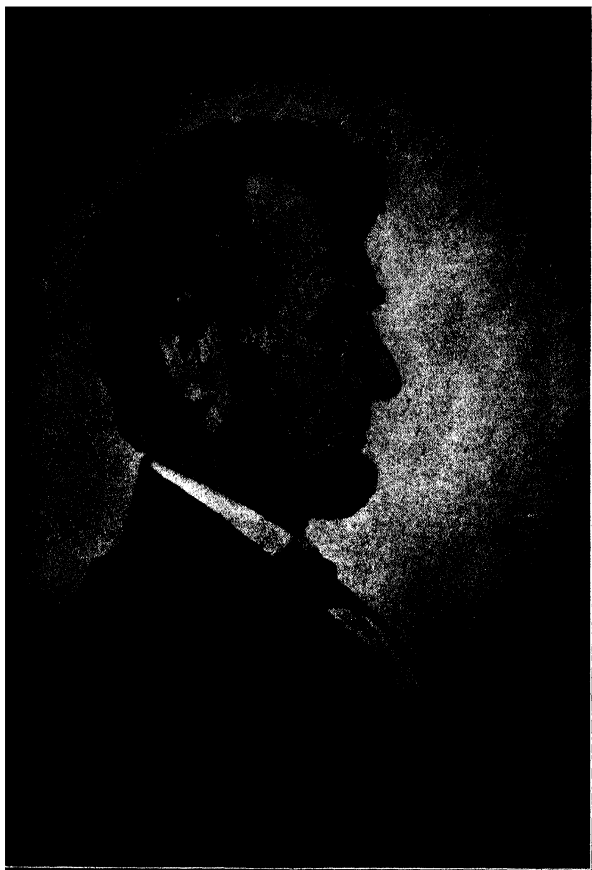
In a Class
by Himself

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Present
vitality

tributing an error of judgment to our Annals by failure to place him first in time and first in greatness of the American Presidents. We need not wonder that he is the livest man in America to-day and that the interpretation of his advice against entangling alliances with European governments has been the storm-center of the greatest debate in the session of the Congress just closed and re-convened.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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“He stood a heroic figure, in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true story of the American people in his time.”—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

“If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.”—*Abraham Lincoln, in a letter to Horace Greeley in 1862, as quoted by Congressman Joseph G. C'annon.*

“And then, from fifty fameless years
In quiet Illinois was sent
A word that still the Atlantic hears,
And Lincoln was the Lord of his event.”

—*Drinkwater's Play.*

Abraham Lincoln

“NOW he is with the ages, said Stanton Abraham Lincoln in the gray dawn of the winter day as the stertorous breathing ceased, and the great heart was stilled,” said Henry Watterson, the greatest of editors and one of the greatest of statesmen, of Abraham Lincoln, in *The Cosmopolitan* ten years ago. “His life” continues Mr. Watterson, “had been an epic in homespun, his death, like that of Caesar, beggars the arts and resources of Melpomene of the mimic scene.”

Why does the great Southerner give such a tribute to the leader of the forces against which he fought in the Civil War? Mr. Watterson answers this question himself. He says: “With respect to Abraham Lincoln, I, as a Southern man and Confederate soldier, here render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s, even as I would render unto God the things that are God’s.” A Southerner’s Justice

Does not the great editor tell us the truth when he suggests that facts of history are all invalidated in the presence of that terrible tragedy? Must we not indeed have to go to fiction for a parallel of that tragedy of tragedies for the people of America, especially

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A fateful
Night

of that part of America South of the Potomac and Ohio rivers? Says John Hay, in speaking of that scene: "Within the narrow compass of that stage-box that night were five human beings: the most illustrious of modern heroes crowned with the most stupendous victory of modern times; his beloved wife, proud and happy; two betrothed lovers with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them, and a young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmus, the idol of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness and ease was upon the entire group; but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly: fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death might save her children in infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn. The stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac." Those are dramatic words of Mr. Lincoln's private secretary. What did this assassination mean for the victorious North? A rekindling

What the
Crime meant
in the North

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

of passion in the breasts of some men who had quenched those fires and longed for a reunion of the brothers; a confirmation of the hatreds of the shallow whose existence depended upon gorgets of vengeance and morsels of further human suffering; a redoubling of energies on the part of the great and the wise to keep alive the great spirit of the martyr-President now separated from its human temple. That is what it meant in the North. What did the whistle of that criminal bullet mean for the South? Project yourself into that desolate section, in those exciting times. What do we see there? The South sits at her window in the elegant, tattered finery of pre-war days, manually helpless from never having had to do her own labor—her hands yet white and delicate because toilless. As she gazes from her window, now unglazed by the shock of war, she is widowed and childless; her lands are unplanted; her live-stock have been slain or confiscated; her houses and factories are ruined, many of them have been burned; her storehouses have been ransacked by friend and foe alike; her slaves have become voters and legislators and thousands have followed in the wake of the invading army. Cropless, laborless, moneyless, comfortless, wan and weak, tired and tearful, haggard and heroic she reaches out her hand for help. Only one man in the Nation, again under one flag, can give it

What it
meant in the
South

Only One
Man

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to her. That man had said to her, on a noted occasion, that she "should come back home and behave" herself. He was a man of great heart and great common sense. He was a man "of admirable intellectual aplomb." He was a man who had the warmth of the Southern sun in his blood. "He sprang from a Virginia pedigree and was born in Kentucky." This was the man to whom the South, in her widowed, helpless condition, was looking for help. This was the man who said to the people: "I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation." That was the man who said to one of his own War-Congresses: "The people of the South are not more responsible for the original introduction of this property than are the people of the North, and, when it is remembered how unhesitatingly we all use cotton and sugar and share the profits of dealing in them, it may not be quite safe to say that the South has been more responsible than the North for its continuance." As the worn and still bleeding South tottered to her feet and held out her hands toward this her former lover, there was sad appeal in her eyes and hopefulness in her heart. And why? She knew his noble nature and her intuitions told her that he could never, would never, forget his first love. But alas! alas! in

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a moment of her radiant hope came the news that a madman's bullet had sung the requiem of the great head of the nation.

It is true that some diseases are most dangerous at the moment of convalescence—when one thinks himself well then is he nearest death. The saying of Solon, the Athenian sage, so potent in the life of the rich Croesus, has stood the test of the ages, that is, that no man can be properly estimated during his life-time. The world lost heavily in the taking away of Abraham Lincoln. The chaplet it has placed on his temples is a noble one. The North thought when he fell, that the grief was hers and only hers. It was the inspired lute of her own Walt Whitman which sang her mournful but sweet lamentation :

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is My Captain
done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize
we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people
all exulting
While follow eyes the steady Keel, the vessel
grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen, cold and dead.

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O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the
bells

Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the
bugle trills;

For you the bouquets and ribboned wreaths—
for you the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their
eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale
and still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no
pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done.

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
with object won.

Exult O Shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

What makes
the Poem
Great

This poem was published in the fiery, exciting and bitter days of 1865, immediately succeeding the murder. Do you not notice its chief glory? Is it in its swinging rhythmic metre and beautiful expression that real

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Americans have cause for congratulation and thankfulness? Yes, but these do not constitute its highest excellence. What does? Is it in the fact that it is one of the purest and sweetest poems Whitman ever wrote? Yes, this criticism is also true; but it contains far more than this for all large-spirited men and women of our great country. What is it, indeed? It is that though sung in those days of burning anger and misunderstanding, there is not a single word of rancor in it. It is not a Psalm of David, but song of Bethlehem—a message of peace and not of war—the voice of wisdom and not the product of “the narrow forehead of the fool”—It is written in the spirit of the great Lincoln himself; it is written in the spirit in which Col. Watterson wrote on the Lincoln Centenary celebration: “Only a little while and there will not be a man living who saw service on either side of that great struggle. Its passions long ago faded from manly bosoms. Meanwhile it is required of no one, whichever flag he served under, that he make renunciations dishonoring himself. Each may leave to posterity the casting of the balance between antagonistic schools of thought and opposing camps in action, where in both the essentials of fidelity and courage were so amply met. Nor is it the part of wisdom to regret a tale that is told. The issues that evoked the strife of sections are dead issues. The conflict which

A Song of
Bethlehem

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External
Dangers in
Brothers'
Quarrels

No Wisdom
in Sectional
Prejudice

was thought to be irreconcilable and was certainly inevitable, ended more than forty years ago. It was fought to its conclusion by fearless and upright men. To some the result was logical; to others it was disappointing; to all it was final." What have we to add to these manly words of Henry Watterson? Just this: that aliens who quarrel **should** be reconciled, brothers who quarrel **must**. The brother who shuts himself in his room and makes his door the dead-line between himself and his brother not merely shuts off all love and progress, but exposes his premises to exploitation and attack. Americanization has lately been writ large upon our American skies. Its proper interpretation and the solution of its problems are bound up in one word—a George Washington word, an Abraham Lincoln word—the word union—not only Constitutional union but personal union. There is absolutely no justification for sectional prejudice. Eventually it must lead, if not to presumption and insult, possibly attack from outsiders, at least to a renewal of civil strife. When could such a thing take place? Just so soon as the issue at variance becomes large enough. Could we ever have so great a question in America? When New England first sold her slaves to Southern cotton and sugar planters, who then foresaw that the question of African slavery had already been decided against by the fates? But,

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as a matter of fact, great issues are not needed for the unleashing of the dogs of war. Small questions—worthless questions—are frequently the occasions (not the causes) of war. Note the Serajavo incident—the destruction of the Maine—the firing on Sumter. We all know that the murder of the Grand Duke of Austria and his family, in Serbia, was only the occasion of the late world war; the blowing up of the battleship, Maine, was not the cause of our war with Cuba; the firing on Sumter by a battery of Confederates in Charleston was not the cause of our Civil War. Germany's desire to expand; the United States' desire to relieve its neighbor of Spanish tyranny and oppression; the abrogation of African Slavery were the causes, but not the occasions of the respective wars named. Issues become greatly exaggerated when prejudices run high or commercial necessities require. Whenever the material wealth and population of the two sections of our country become nearly if not quite equally balanced, then sectional prejudices, if prevalent, shall cause the hairy, bloody crest of civil war to again become erect. How is this possible? By the continued development of the South at its present rate of material progress; by the turning of immigration southward; or by a realignment of sectional lines by means of portions of the great West, the new West, the post bellum part of the nation, becoming

When Civil
War would
be possible
in America

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sympathetic commercially, with the new South. Is there any real danger of this to-day? I do not so believe. We may thank God for the growth of the anti-sectional spirit in our country. I am sure there is no real manly American in the South who would advocate war against the North even if it were revealed to him by the fates, or otherwise, that the South would eventually win? And why? There are two reasons: The first is, that the spirit of Washington and Lincoln is too strongly vital in the hearts of Southern men and women. The second is that the section of the country which would seek its empire would seek its own ruin eventually. This has been the history of all States seeking monopoly of government. "Hardwick declares," says David Starr Jordan in his *Human Harvest*, "that war is essential to the life of a nation; war strengthens a nation morally, mentally and physically." Such statements as these set all history at defiance. War can only waste and corrupt. "All war is bad, some only worse than others." "War has its origin in the evil passions of men," and even when unavoidable or righteous its effects are most baleful. The final effect of each strife for empire has been the degradation or extinction of the nation which led in the struggle." Good and true words! What is true of nations is true of sections. It is consequently the duty of every manly American to fight sectionalism in

Sectionalism
a losing
game

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the true Lincolnian spirit. What is that spirit? Let me put it in this way: There is a word which binds into one bundle—one multiple—all the nature and life and work of Abraham Lincoln. In that word was pictured, as the sun is pictured in the rain-drop, the glory of the American government and people. It is the word *Union*. Do you see what I mean? In union there is strength; in disunion there is weakness. In union there is progress; in disunion there is retrogression. In union there is independence; in disunion there is dependence. In union there is self-respect; in disunion there is humiliation and insult. In union there is freedom; in disunion there is slavery. The word became so strong a force in his life that it predominated him. “Stevens,” said he to the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, in that famous meeting to settle differences and end the war, “let me write ‘Union’ at the top of the page and you may write under it whatever you choose.” In the presence of those noble words, has the fire-eater and demagogical politician, North or South, who battens upon sectional prejudices, any real place on American soil? I do not think so. Let us add these words from his second inaugural. They are bright from the furnace and will never lose their lustre so long as the facade of the temple of American freedom—which means the union of its re-united people—looks out upon

The Word
“Union”

A dramatic
Incident

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the rest of the world with a spotless purity! "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." What jewel is the most valuable and sparkling by far of the jewels which make up this wonderful passage—a real coronet of American freedom and safety and wisdom? It is this: "*to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves.*"

A Coronet
of Freedom

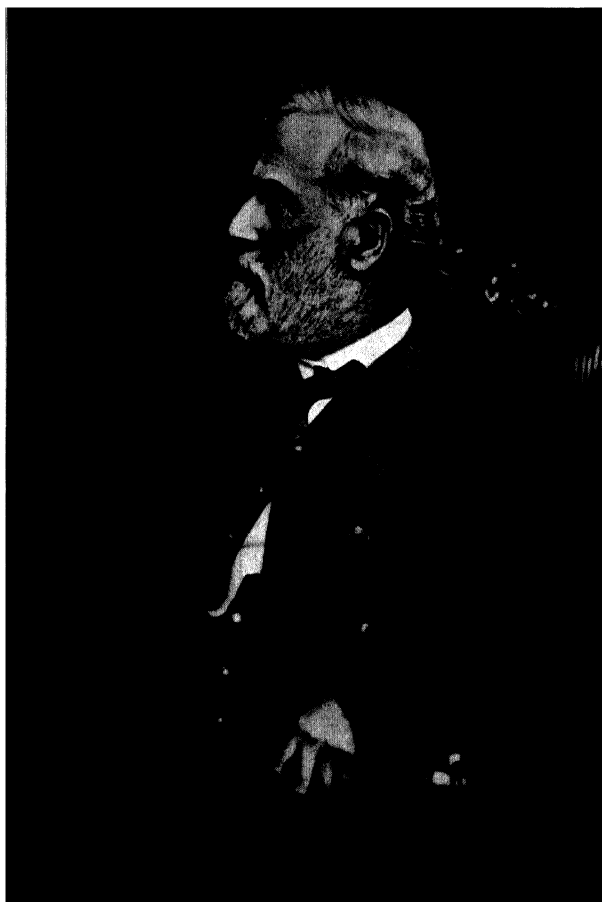
Let us for a moment again turn our eyes upon the South. She again sits at her window, but no longer with pensive, wan and wasted weeping. She is no longer in tatters and want. She looks out upon a landscape of snow, strangely intermingled with silver and gold. The snow is her cotton—a great depth of it; the silver and gold are her Indian corn and her wheat—exhaustless veins of them. In the near background may be seen, suspended over her growing cities (black when first ejected from massive stacks, but empurpled by contact with the golden Southern sun) the haze of smoke indicative of a phenomenal growth of her manufactures and commerce. As the South looks upon this scene she smiles

Prosperous
Sisters

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

radiantly, and points it out to her former rival, but now warm sympathizer—in fact they are more closely united than ever before. Their children have intermarried; they have stood together on the same battlefields; the sons of the South have gone to the North; the sons of the North have come to the South; homes have become interchanged; the Northern merchant or manufacturer has become the Southern land-owner; the Southern land-owner has become the Northern merchant or manufacturer; a new generation has been the product of this union—a real American union—disrupted on the question of African slavery by war because neither South nor North would listen, at the moment of crisis, to the words of Abraham Lincoln. The two sisters turn and grasp each other by both hands, gaze kindly each into the eyes of the other while the spirit of the martyred President once villified by both, but now loved by both, looming large in their visualization says, “Love ye each other and all shall be right with the world.”

ROBERT EDWARD LEE



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“In him all that was pure and lofty in mind and purpose found lodgment. He came nearer the ideal of a soldier and Christian general than any man we can think of, for he was a greater soldier than Havlock, and equally as devout a Christian.”—*Extract from editorial in The New York Herald.*

“I have met with many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould and made of different and finer metal than all other men.

—*Lord Wolseley, British General.*

“The Commanding General earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.”—*General Orders 73, Chambersburg, Pa., June 27, 1863.*

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Robert Edward Lee

IN one of the many rooms of "Stratford," the famous Lee homestead, in Virginia, on January 19th, 1807, the eyes of Robert Edward Lee first opened upon the world to which he was to add the lustre of a great genius and the halo of an almost faultless personal life. Had his great mother, Anne Hill Carter Lee, as she clasped the babe to her bosom on that winter's day, visualized his great and fateful career, her heart would have trembled while it swelled with a pardonable pride. His mother contributed to his greatness not only the blood of Robert the Bruce, which coursed in her veins, but the rarest and finest instruction. His ideals were of the noblest. Three lives enveloped him and moulded the man from material without dross: Jesus Christ, his mother and George Washington. This constituted him a man without offence, of great personal purity, and of a noble dignity. He was so regarded as a youth, as a Cadet at West Point (from which he graduated in 1829 with high honor), in the Mexican War, where he attained distinction, and throughout the Civil War. No American was so like Washington as was Robert E. Lee. They were both men of great physical comeli-

Robert
E. Lee

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ness and masterful presence. Had they lived in the days of the finest sculptured marbles, perpetuant of ideals of Olympian Zeus, both would have been sought out by Pheidias. They were both men of the greatest military genius, the loftiest honor, the most distinguished truthfulness, the noblest courage and the most marvellous self-command under any circumstances which might arise.

Great
Military
Talents
Not Known

There is no need of going back of June 1, 1862, to estimate the active career of General Lee. Up to that time he had but little prestige. The greatest soldier of the war had his hands tied during the previous year and two months, by President Davis. The judgment of the latter, in keeping the peerless fighter in a merely advisory and general service, was unfortunate for the South. The Federal bullet that temporarily took Joseph E. Johnston from the field, took away a brave man; but it performed the greatest service of the war to the Confederates, by leaving Mr. Davis in great need of a commander-in-chief. Lee was the logical choice. Indeed, it was almost a Hobson's choice, on the part of Jefferson Davis, who was himself sometimes on the battlefield (in stove-pipe hat.)

New Activity

From the moment Lee had taken his bearings, the high-spirited generals under him felt the reins tighten. It was the driving of Apollo instead of Phaethon, and the fierce-mettled

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steeds got back into their course. The officers of the line, inclined to criticise the act that placed a tame staff official over "soldiers", soon had the ennui driven from their lives. Aggression was the key-note of Lee. Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill, the first great successes of the new commander, commensurate with his first opportunity, witnessed a brilliant defeat of a brilliant soldier, George B. McClellan, and relieved Richmond, for three years, of what appeared certain capitulation. The fact that Lee went to the attack in the face of the advice of his generals at that time, showed his self-reliance, and the victory over a great army, showed the wisdom of his plans. His great losses, in those seven days' fighting around Richmond, was not due to any error of his. "However it was," says Thomas Nelson Page, "Lee relieved Richmond, and the war, from being based on a single campaign, was now a matter of years and treasure, and the years and the treasure that it required were mainly due to Lee's transcendant genius. It is probable that but for Lee the war would not have lasted two years."

Richmond
relieved

The disastrous defeat of Pope at the second battle of Manassas, within six weeks further, established Lee's reputation as a master of strategy and attracted general attention to the wonderful fighting qualities of "Stonewall Jackson". E. Benjamin Andrews, a northern

Stonewall
Jackson's
rising star

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critic, says of Jackson that he was not only an intensely religious man but also a stern disciplinarian. "In consequence, when the day of battle came, there was not a man in the corps who did not feel sure that if he shirked duty Stonewall Jackson would shoot him and God Almighty would damn him. This helped to render Jackson's thirty thousand perhaps the most efficient fighting machine which had appeared upon the battlefield since the Ironsides of Oliver Cromwell." One feels this last statement to be true, and, it being true, General Lee was peculiarly fortunate in having such a lieutenant. After the second Manassas, "Lee's boldest and possibly the most masterly piece of strategy in the whole war, and one of the most daring movements in the history of wars," Lee wrote to President Davis that the Confederate States could propose with propriety, to the United States, the recognition of the South's independence. It was partly for this purpose he entered Maryland, hoping the people of that State would declare for the South and thus strengthen the chances for peace. But Maryland remained neutral. Unfortunately for the cause of the South, also, Lee's plan for the capture of McClellan's army and the eventual capture of Washington was found wrapped around a small bundle of cigars carelessly lost by some Confederate official, on the site of D. H. Hill's encampment at Frederick. Notwithstanding,

Suggests
Proposition
for
Independence

Fatality of
a handful
of cigars

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he did not recross the Potomac until he had captured Harper's Ferry with 12,500 prisoners, and had, at Antietam, the most sanguinary battle of the war, withstood successfully the splendid fighting troops of McClellan's large army. His challenge for a fight the next day after the battle, not being accepted, he crossed to the Southern side of the Potomac. It was immediately after Antietam that Lee sent Stuart for the second time, entirely around the Army of McClellan—a distance of 126 miles, with 1800 men,—one of the most brilliant cavalry actions in history. He had no losses.

Although the accidental finding of Lee's despatch made Lee's invasion of Maryland a failure, generally speaking, what he accomplished there with only 35,000 badly equipped troops opposed by the finely furnished 87,000 troops of McClellan, added greatly to his military fame. The campaign was one of the most daring in all warfare. The world suddenly, by this act, and the seven days of earlier fighting about Richmond, awaked to the fact that Lee, hitherto known as a brilliant tactician of defense, was as aggressive as Hannibal and as daring as Alexander. By mid-December Lee added the victory of Fredericksburg, a defensive battle, to his military glory. General Burnside, who had superseded General McClellan, sacrificed on that terrible altar, 12,653 as brave men as ever fought, and the equally

Military
Fame
increased

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Christmas Letter

brave Confederate army lost 5,322. The world run anew with praises of Lee. Many thought the war won. But Lee was sad. He greatly desired peace, and hoped that the North would grant both that and independence for the South. Writing, to his wife on Christmas, immediately succeeding his victory, he said: "I will commence this holy day by writing to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to God for the unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed us in this day; for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What should become of us without His crowning help and protection? Oh! if our people would only recognize it and cease from vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness to our country. But what a cruel thing is war to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world, to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world!"

I think we may all say with Thomas Nelson Page, who quotes this letter in his *Life of Lee*: "Should the portrait of a victorious general be drawn, I know no better example than this simple outline of a Christian soldier drawn out of his heart that Christmas morning in his tent,

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while the world rang with his victory two weeks before. It is a portrait of which the South may well be proud.” I should like to amend this by adding that it is a protrait of which every broad-spirited, red-blooded American may well be proud.

Two months and a little more and Lee had added the most brilliant to his string of victories—Chancellorsville. The plan of battle, on the part of Lee, was audacity itself. Ten thousand troops he kept himself to watch the “fighting Joe”. Twenty-five thousand he sent with Jackson in command, to encircle Hooker’s far flung right and destroy it. This was done most effectually, and General Hooker’s noble army escaped entire destruction, as most military critics say, by the accidental, mortal wounding of Stonewall Jackson by his own troops. It was a battle in which the bravest troops on both sides fought for every inch of ground; it was the successful issue of an audacious attempt of Lee against an army of fine fighters, outnumbering his own army two to one; it was a victory which placed Lee among the world’s great military tacticians and daring commanders and which set the tongues of people wagging in every capital in Europe. But withal, it was almost a Pyrrhic victory, for in Jackson’s fall that was lost which could not be replaced. The eyes which “burnt with a brilliant glow” in battle,

Chancellorsville

A. Pyrrhic
Victory

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were forever closed, and Lee regarded it as one of the blackest and most unfortunate days of his life. With the tenderness of a woman he was caring for the wounded of both armies in Chancellorsville, when he received the news of Jackson's mishap. "I should have chosen," wrote Lee to his wounded General, "for the good of the country, to be disabled in your stead." Lee, in announcing the death of Jackson to the army, May 11, 1863, said: "While we mourn his death we feel that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage, and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength."

Distress
over
Jackson's
Loss

To his wife and son he poured out his heart: "It is a terrible loss" said he to his son. "I do not know how to replace him. Any victory would be dear at such a cost. But God's will be done." To General J. B. Hood, a week or more afterward he wrote: "I grieve much over the death of General Jackson. For our sakes, not for his. He is happy and at peace. But his spirit lives with us. I hope it will raise up many Jacksons in our ranks."

Greatness of
one man not
wholly
dependent
upon another

It is a mistake to make the greatness of a really great man rest essentially upon another. Those historians err who declare that without McClellan, Grant would have been impossible as do those who think that Lee lost all when he lost Stonewall Jackson. What McClellan did by way of organizing and equipping a great

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army can not be left out of consideration when we estimate the success of Grant, nevertheless, the latter possessed intrinsically those qualities of stubbornness and indomitable perseverance which made him a great general. Precisely the same thing may be said of Lee and Jackson. There is no doubting the wonderful executive talent of the Achillean, swift-moving Jackson, in what he did for Lee, and there is no doubt that Lee would have accomplished a more positive success if Jackson had not been killed, yet the great military genius of Lee emits its own deathless flames.

From Culpeper, the day of a successful battle, on June 9th, in which Stuart's cavalry defeated rather disastrously that under Stoneman, Lee wrote to his wife: "The country here looks very green and pretty, notwithstanding the ravages of war. What a beautiful world God in His loving kindness to His creatures has given us! What a shame that men endowed with reason and knowledge of right should mar His gifts!"

Lee now hoped that by crossing the Potomac he might get provisions and shoes for his army and, if he could defeat the Federal army (now commanded by General Geo. G. Meade, an accomplished and gallant officer), the North might be persuaded to grant peace and independence to the Confederate States. This is evidenced by a long letter written by him to

Why Lee
went into
Pennsylvania

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What
Gettysburg
meant to
Him

President Davis at the time. Thus began the memorable campaign culminating in the battle of Gettysburg (July 1-3, 1863). What Waterloo was to Napoleon, Gettysburg was to Lee. Victor Hugo declared that Napoleon lost Waterloo because the rains of the previous night made it impossible to carry out his orders in reference to his artillery. Many historians say that Longstreet's failure to obey Lee's orders at Gettysburg kept Lee's army from a great victory. President E. Benjamin Andrews, a Union soldier, declares that "had Stonewall Jackson been still alive and in the place of either" Ewell or Longstreet, "the issue of the battle would almost to a certainty have been very different from what it was." Let it be known however, that Lee took upon himself the whole blame with his usual noble generosity.

Takes the
Blame upon
Himself

A noticeable thing about Lee was that he had sense enough to keep silent when he was misjudged and criticised. Another was that he had heart enough to take all possible blame upon himself when it might have been placed upon weaker men who failed him at critical moments. And his quality of modesty was clear, pure and without cant or false light. His manliness was so great, so vicarious, so militant that he bore, without complaint, the sins of others. "So far as has ever been made apparent, every plan which Lee formed for the

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battle of Gettysburg, every order which he gave, was wise and right," says President Andrews. The latter continues: "In Prussia's war with Austria in 1866, Von Moltke's plan at the battle of Sadowa, where he splendidly triumphed, was in the same respect a close imitation of Lee's at Gettysburg." Thomas Nelson Page, in his *Life of Lee*, thinks that "the judgment of the future is likely to be, that while on the Northern side the corps commanders made amends for lack of plan and saved the day by their admirable co-operation, on the Southern side the plan of the commanding general was defeated by the failure of the corps commanders to act promptly and in concert." There was stinging criticism of Lee in the South for not winning the battle, as there was of Meade in the North for his not winning it and destroying the army of Lee. Meade was eventually superseded by Grant. Lee stopped the mouths of his critics by taking the whole blame and offering to resign.

Judgment
of the
Future

Military critics will continue to talk of the battle of Gettysburg as long as the printer's art lasts. Some will say it was a drawn battle, as Lee lay for ten days in the face of Meade's army and then leisurely crossed the Potomac with 4000 prisoners. Whatever the verdict in this respect, all agree that never in the world's history was more valorous fighting done on both sides. General Meade showed himself a noble

Great
Fighting
on both sides

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soldier, and if Lee was defeated at Gettysburg, Meade enjoys a distinction that is his alone. If Lee was defeated it was in the particular that he had to recross the Potomac without the supplies for which he had primarily gone into Pennsylvania. He went back to Virginia already exhausted of men and resources. The blockade tightened. To feed and clothe his men was a greater problem than to win battles. In the meantime Grant's ever-increasing avalanche swept down against those ragged gray lines threatening to overwhelm them, but without success. President Davis said to Lee, who, after Gettysburg, asked for a man of greater ability to be put in his place: "To ask me to substitute for you some one, in my judgment, more fit to command or who would possess more of the confidence of the army, or of the reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility." The days following, up to the close of the war, two years thereafter, showed this to be eminently true. The army of Northern Virginia kept its confidence in their leader to the bitter end. Had Hannibal's troops, somewhat under the same sort of conditions, been so attached to their commander, Rome would have fallen. In the cold winter of 1864 thousands of Lee's troops were without blankets, socks or shoes, and often without food. But the army kept its spirit of cheerfulness and devotion to its leader. Again and

Grant's
Avalanche

Terrible
Condition of
Lee's Army

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again the great Grant, with his brave army, plunged against that pitifully few and meagrely clothed force; but without exception experienced a thud instead of a yielding. Again and again President Lincoln insisted that not Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, but Lee's army, its defender, be made the objective of the army of the Potomac. But in vain. The fires which surrounded that Brimhilde on the banks of the James could not be penetrated; for the central "feed" of those fires was the heart and talents of Lee. North and South, the Americans who love Lee never fail to exalt his opponent, General Grant. They do this because of the great qualities of Grant, for Lee's front was the school master that led him to greatness. Had he not possessed great qualities as a commander his large army could not have withstood the patched and mended gray columns of that wonderful, aggressive tactician. This was seen at the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania and at Cold Harbor. At the former, Lee justified the criticism of Henderson who said that he was "a profound thinker following the highest principles of the military art." There Grant showed the stuff of which he was made. For, as Rodes says, "measured by casualties the advantage was with the Confederates" (Grant losing 17,666 men, the Confederates half that number), Grant reported that he would fight again. To

Grant
admired in
the South

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quote Thomas Nelson Page: "He had supreme self-confidence based on rare courage and rare ability to command and to fight, and he knew that he outnumbered Lee more than two to one, and that in his army were the flower of the North, men as valorous as ever drew breath." Grant also possessed great shrewdness, for instead of either retreating or fighting he rushed forward his men to Spottsylvania, a position, which if attained, would make Richmond a sure prey. But Lee divined his purpose and outstripped him. At Spottsylvania, Lee's line was partially broken, and he determined to restore it, as it had never been broken before. At that time having had the indescribable misfortune of losing his great cavalry leader, J. E. B. Stuart, he placed himself at the head of the charging columns. But his men refused to move forward with their idolized commander in such hazard. He retired to his point of observation in the rear and the charge that restored the line was led by General John B. Gordon. The loss of General Stuart cut Lee to the heart, and was almost as great a loss as the death of Stonewall Jackson. He had been at West Point with Custis Lee, had been much in the Lee household, and General Lee loved him as he did his own son, Custis. He had declared on the death of Jackson, that he had lost his right hand; he lost his left hand when Stuart was shot from his horse at Spottsylvania.

Heart-sick
over the loss
of General
Stuart

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General Sedgwick, the notable Union commander of the Sixth Corps, of Grant's army, said of General Stuart: "He was the best cavalry officer ever foaled in America." Lee, in announcing Stuart's death to his army said: "To military capacity of a high order and to the nobler virtues of the soldier he added the brighter graces of a pure life, guided and sustained by the Christian's faith and hope." It is noticeable that Lee, in estimating men, places the highest value upon their personal Christian lives.

Sedgewick's
opinion of
Stuart

After Spottsylvania came Cold Harbor. The task of keeping from Richmond, Grant's army, which by this time nearly trebled his own, was a terrible responsibility for Lee. An added seriousness of the situation was relieved when General Butler, with 35,000 new troops, was, as General Grant himself said, "soon in a bottle which Beauregard had corked, and with a small force could hold the cork in place." Nevertheless, 12,000 of those troops escaped and were added to Grant's legions when he and Lee faced each other on that terrible field of Cold Harbor—McClellan's former position. Again and again Lee's line proved unassailable.

General
Butler
bottled

Terrible
Battle of
Cold Harbor

Again and again Grant's inflexible resolution pushed his brave men into that terrible maelstrom of death, until finally they refused to move. It was another Balaclava on a greater scale. "Cold Harbor," said General Grant after the

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war, "is the only battle I ever fought that I would not fight over again under the circumstances." Was there ever a greater fighter than the American soldier? Certainly the courage shown by officers and men of both sides during that Virginia campaign, has not been surpassed by any soldiers in any age. The losses of Grant, in thirty days in that campaign were enormous in killed and wounded. Lee, while losing only about one-third as many could less afford the loss than Grant. I quote again from President E. Benjamin Andrews. "Gettysburg convinced Lee that he could toy with the Potomac army no longer, and this was more than ever impossible after Grant took command. This struggle [the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor] tested both commanders' mettle to the utmost. At the end of the hammering campaign, after losing men enough to form an army as large as Lee's, Grant's van was full twice as far from Richmond as McClellan's had been two years before."

Lee's last
Trenches

But slowly and surely were the intrepid soldiers of Lee marching toward their last trenches. As another has said, "bravery in camp and field and deathless endurance at home could not take the place of bread." Although Petersburg, the key to Richmond, withstood a siege of ten months, and the iron-willed, indomitable Grant had lost before those

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fiery gates 60,000 more men, other agencies contributed irresistibly to the close of the war. With the fall of Vicksburg everything to the West of the Mississippi was lost. And so with Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Louisiana. Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia having been cut off by Sherman's march to the sea, the veins of the Confederacy were opened unto the death. Add to this the fact that Lee's starving few were finally outnumbered five to one and yet he kept that line unbroken, until he laid down his arms at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. All this was done in the face of an alert, relentless, well-fed, well-clothed and brave army led by one of the world's great commanders whose greatness bespeaks to friend and foe the greatness of Lee. "Let us ask critics versed in the history of war" says President Andrews, a brave Union soldier, "if books tell of generalship more complete than this!"

Their terrible
defence

When the two great commanders met in the McLean parlor, at Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865, there were polite greetings between the two. Lee wore his sword. Grant apologized for not wearing his, saying it had gone off in the baggage. Terms were soon arranged. There was no tender of sword on the part of Lee, nor did Grant require it. By the terms all men were paroled and officers were allowed to retain their horses, their baggage and their side-arms. General Lee was courteous, digni-

Two Great
Men meet

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fied and sad; Grant was considerate, magnanimous and calm. When the two men, the greatest Generals of the two armies, left that parlor, the war was at an end, so far as they were concerned. Both were great masters of military science. But both were men of peace. It remained for smaller men—men neither great in war nor in peace—to continue the prejudices of the war. President Andrew Johnson, a Southern man, took measures to have Lee indicted for treason. All real Americans, North and South, regret this. But too much must not be made of it. A well known fact in human history, that prejudices sometimes control large intellects, had its application in the case of President Johnson. General Grant protested against such a violation of the terms of his surrender. The matter was dropped as wholly untenable in accordance with the Constitution of the United States. It was a mistake of the times, when men's blood boiled anew at the assassination of President Lincoln, a deed denounced by Lee in the strongest terms. Another mistake of the times was to permit this great and fine spirit to go to his grave without amnesty on the part of the country he always loved and on the history of which he cast a brilliance, in the estimation of the world, which will illumine the pages of all America's future historians.

Grant
protests

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For there is justice in history. Prejudice which hides truth in one age ceases to exist in succeeding ages, so that whatever it hid is disclosed to the view. Just as rains and frosts corrode and wash away and break away the laminae of earth and gravel and rock until the veins of rich gold appear upon the surface, thus our prejudices clear away before breadth of spirit and justice until the truth is revealed. Has not that day come to the American people? Their enemies should not be those of their own household. General Lee led the age in his lack of prejudice. "I have fought against the people of the North" he said to Dr. Pendleton, a clergyman who was resenting the desire of Johnson to indict him, "because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South its dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day I did not pray for them." That was the spirit of Lee, not only in defeat but also when flushed with victory. It calls, as does the Appomattox spirit of General Ulysses S. Grant, for every American to belittle sectionalism. In any part of our great country where it may show its head it should be smitten. For why should brothers continue their quarrels while the alien usurps and destroys the home?

The Spirit
of the
great leaders
against
Sectionalism

It belittles the great to apply to them epithets of extravagant admiration. No one would feel

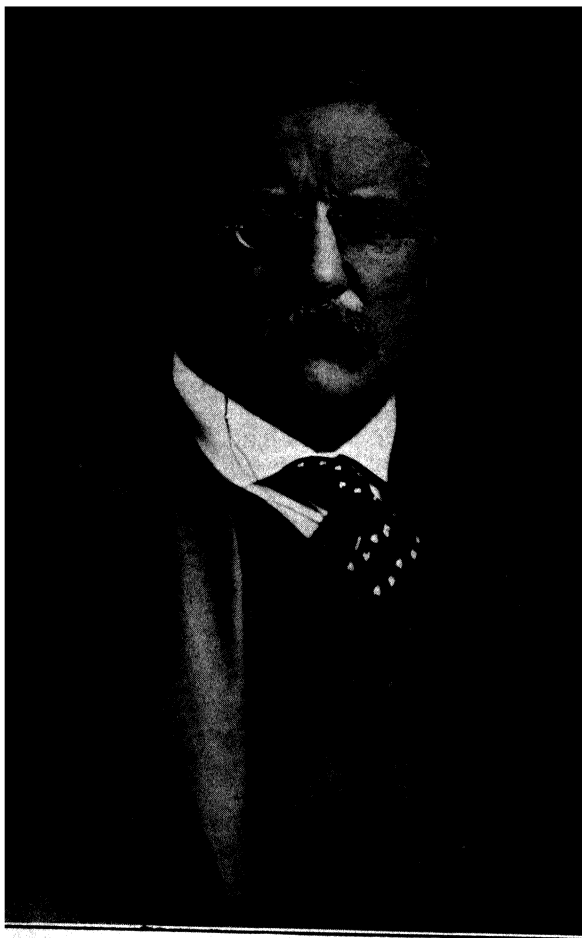
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more hurt by them than would General Lee. But it is difficult indeed to discover what may be termed extravagances in reference to him, although the finest things have been said of him. At his death the greatest editors, statesmen and soldiers of the world sought to do honor to his greatness. The New York Herald said: "In him the military genius of America was developed to a greater extent than ever before.—He was a greater soldier than Havock, and equally as devout as a Christian." I close with the concluding sentence of the commendation by the famous soldier, Lord Wolseley, of the lamented Lee: "I believe he will not only be regarded as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the greatest American of the 19th century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen."

The Christian
Soldier won
the world's
heart

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Political Reformer



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
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“Of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre. They are immortalized not alone by columns and inscriptions in their own lands; memorials to them arise in foreign countries as well—not of stone, it may be, but unwritten, in the thoughts of posterity.”

—*Thucydides*.

“In my judgment, no man is a good American who is not, of course, an American first—an American before he is a member of any section of the American people such as a party or a class.”—*Theodore Roosevelt, in the New Nationalism*.

“Take what I mean when I speak of the square deal. I mean not only that each man should act fairly and honestly under the rules of the game as it is now played, but I mean also that if the rules give improper advantage to some set of people, then let us change the rules of the game.”

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was the twenty-fifth President of the United States. He was the first city-born man to reach that great place. Presidential timber usually grows in the country and not along the curbs and in the parks of our cities. Nevertheless his was as sturdy a growth as those which withstood the cold blasts of the mountain forests or the sultry heat of the plantations. Despite the fact that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he was as democratic as Abraham Lincoln who was born in a log-cabin, or Andrew Johnson, the tailor, or James A. Garfield, the canal-boy, each of the cradles of whom was almost as lowly as that of the Manger itself. He was as much a self-made man as any one of those. Why do I say this? From the fact that it is as difficult for a rich young man to overcome temptation to a life of idleness and ease and train for the hardships that meet the ordinary man in life as it is for a poor young man to overcome obstacles which beset his way. How do we know this? The history of the Presidency is convincing inductive proof of the fact. Nearly every one of the men who has filled that lofty chair has come from an humble family. Can you think

Theodore
Roosevelt

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that such a remarkable fact is an accident? I do not think so. Neither can you suppose that no great intellects are born among the rich. It is much more logical to say that men who are born rich and who grow up in wealthy circumstances, frequently succumb to lives of ease.

Pain is the most dreaded of all disciplinarians. But it has been the agent of glory not only for the saint but also for the statesman. What do I mean by this? I mean that as sickness has often wrenched religious character into shape for its heavenly place, so has the strength acquired in overcoming it by many statesmen been the stepping stone to patriotic preeminence and popularity. With them it has been a third step to heaven (Pelion * * * * tertius caelo gradus). Theodore Roosevelt, strongest of men, was sickliest of babies. For years he gasped for breath upon the large, warm heart and in the strong, incubatorial arms of his father. These literally insulated the infant from death, carrying the tiny tot through many long, lonely nights and over many miles in quest of fresh air. The father who holds his hardy boy to his heart enfolds a precious, but not always a prize, package. But who of us may properly estimate the value to America of that little bundle held in the arms of Theodore Roosevelt the elder?

Sickliest
of Babies

Two Sources
of Talent

Two streams coursed broadly through the veins of Theodore Roosevelt. One was made

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

up of fighting blood, rapid, impulsive, tumbling on its way over all obstacles; the other was constituted of human sympathies and justice, serenely flowing onward vitalizing and fructifying everything it touched. What were the sources of these streams? The fighting blood came from the mother, the beautiful Martha Bulloch, great-grand-daughter of Governor Archibald Bulloch (Georgia's first chief Executive during the Revolution), and sister of two Confederate Naval officers—Admiral J. D. Bulloch and midshipman Irvine S. Bulloch. The philanthropic blood came from Theodore Roosevelt Sr., father of the President, who spent most of his life in deeds of personal philanthropy, having retired from business for that purpose. Do any of you believe in heredity? Do any of you believe in the saying, "Blood will tell"? If you do, what do you think of this lineage of this great man? Do you not think that the lineage justifies the man and that the man justifies the lineage? Do you not believe that this is true, whether you believe in heredity or not?

Accordingly there were two men under the physical aspect of Theodore Roosevelt. One was the genial companion and democratic spirit which drew men to him everywhere; this was the "pard" of the rough and ready cow-boy who liked him because he always did his part of the work and held up his end of the log;

Two
Roosevelts

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this was the sympathetic Colonel who shared the discomforts and dangers of his men and won their love; this was the man who gave up his position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy to enter the war for the relief of Cuba; this was the man who declared, with great meaning, "I would work as quick beside Pat Dugan as with the last descendants of the Patroon;" this was the Lieutenant-Colonel who on the four hot, dusty days from Texas to Tampa gave up his sleeping car berth, which had been provided for him as an officer, to a sick soldier (it is indeed refreshing to know of such a thing as that in the light of many late happenings among soldiers); this is the officer who bunked with his men in Tampa instead of taking up comfortable quarters in the hotel (There is really something of Achillean and Alexanderian hardiwood, sympathy and sapiency in such an act); this was the soldier who showed his great courage and presence of mind on the fields of Las Guasimas and San Juan, leading his troops and those of others in several famous charges in which ten per cent of his Rough Riders were killed or wounded; this is the Colonel who went among the wounded after Las Guasimas and said: "Boys, if there is a man at home who wouldn't be proud to change places with you, he isn't worth his salt, and he is not a true American;" this is the Colonel who went among those wounded boys, carrying them

The intensely
Human
Roosevelt

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

dainties and sympathy, with such words as these, "Don't get up boys, lie still. Ah, Jim, how's your leg feeling to-day? Getting better? That's good. You'll soon be all right now. Billy, I hope your back doesn't trouble you so much to-day." (Vide Morgan)—this was the Roosevelt of whom Joseph Bucklin Bishop, editor of Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his children, says: "Deep and abiding love of children, of family and home, that was the dominating passion of his life. With that went love for friends and fellow-men, and for all things, birds, animals, trees, flowers, and nature in all its moods and aspects." What more can or need be said? Do not these great qualities of unselfishness, courage, sympathy, thoughtfulness, gentleness, simplicity, love of children and love of home place him among the great and in the presence and companionship of Jesus Christ?

It is never safe to use absolute statements about any person or event. It is considered a trait of intellectual weakness to do this. For instance, there are those who say that Theodore Roosevelt was the greatest American. There is not yet any necessity nor wise desire to go into a question of that kind. We may, however, all say that he is one of the greatest of Americans. I say that not as a republican, but as a democrat and a Southern-born man. It has never been difficult to see and feel his great-

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Loved
America most

ness. We do not have to hunt for it through a mass of sectionalism. He loved the South, for it was the home of his mother. He loved the North, for it was the home of his father. But he loved America more than he did any part of it.

Great in the
Home-life

Home is the revealer of the man. Would you know about Theodore Roosevelt's home-life? There you shall find the golden key which unlocks the dearest secrets of the soul of this man who was such a strenuous fighter for civic righteousness. In his home "the eternal child's heart in the man cries out." The great man there placed himself absolutely on an equality with wife and children. There he was a flood of sunshine and a jolly companion, engaging in romps and rides and games and pillow-fights, longed for before he came and missed when he was gone. These things are richly disclosed in his Letters to His Children. This volume, by Joseph Bucklin Bishop, I regard as one of the richest legacies left to the home life in a hundred generations. Shall I select one of the letters, chosen for its brevity? It is to little Quentin, and dated Del Monte, Calif., May 10, 1903: Dearest Quenty-Queen: I loved your letter. I am very homesick for mother and you children; but I have enjoyed this week's travel. I have been among the orange groves, where the trees have oranges growing thick upon them, and there are more

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flowers than you have ever seen. I have a gold top which I shall give you if Mother thinks you can take care of it. Perhaps I shall give you a silver bell instead. Whenever I see a little boy being brought up by his father or mother to look at the procession as we pass by, I think of you and Archie and feel very homesick. Sometimes little boys ride in the procession on their ponies, just like Archie on Algonquin."

Here is a short extract from quite a long letter to his son Kermit, who was in school. It was written from the White House in June, 1905, and goes into detail about a family picnic at Pine Knot: "As we found that cleaning dishes took up an awful time, we only took two meals a day, which was all we wanted. On Saturday evening I fried two chickens for dinner, while Mother boiled the tea [probably meaning boiled the water for the tea], and we had cherries and wild strawberries, as well as biscuits and cornbread. To my pleasure Mother greatly enjoyed the fried chicken and admitted that what you children had said of the way I fried chicken was all true. In the evening we sat out a long time on the piazza, and then read indoors, and then went to bed." These extracts tell the spirit of all the letters. There are many of them. There is no preaching or crossness in any of them.

Extract from
a letter to
Kermit

So much for what would be called the heart-side of this picturesque personality. What

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The
intellectual
side of
Roosevelt

may be said about that other side of him—his intellectual side? Did he have as great a mind as heart? Of course his blind worshipers, of whom he had thousands, think so. But do serious minded, thoughtful men and women of America accord him this judgment? So far as I have been able to determine, they do. Of course there are people of violent prejudices who think it would show weakness in them to admit the real greatness of Mr. Roosevelt. But these people are unfortunate in their limitations. While they would have with them some of respectable lives and good intellects, none of them might lay claim to broad-mindedness and fairness. But would that be all? By no means. They would find among their associates many who hate the former President on account of their own unrighteousness, or unreasonableness.

A fight for
Righteousness
from the first

From the first day on which Mr. Roosevelt stepped into the political arena he was opposed by the unrighteous element of his own party. This included the bosses, little and big. (He was never favored by political bosses, except when they were compelled to do so by his popularity.) In the beginning of his career they whipped him often; but sometimes he whipped them. They whipped him once too often. That was when Mr. Platt, the New York Republican boss, nominated him for the Vice-Presidency in order to spoil his chances of the Presi-

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

dency. As it eventually turned out, it was a door to the Presidency, flung open by the death of President McKinley. But did Mr. Roosevelt think the bosses wholly bad? Not by any means. He liked Mr. Platt, Mr. Hanna and Mr. Quay, as men. Why did he not join them? He thought the boss-system encouraged graft and immorality. Did he not believe that there should be political leaders and party organization? He did; but was careful to distinguish between the leader and what was known as the boss. Hear him on this question: "A leader is necessary; but his opponents always call him a boss. An organization is always necessary but the men in opposition always call it a machine. Nevertheless, there is a real and deep distinction between the leader and the boss, between organizations and machines. A political leader who fights openly for principles and who keeps his position of leadership by stirring the consciences and convincing the intellects of his followers, so that they have confidence in him and will follow him because they can achieve greater results under him than under any one else, is doing work which is indispensable in a democracy. The boss, on the other hand, is a man who does not gain his power by open means, but by secret means and usually by corrupt means. A boss of this kind can pull wires in conventions, can manipulate members of the Legislature, can control the giving or withhold-

Distinguishing
between a
Leader and
Boss

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ing of office, and serves as intermediary for bringing together the powers of corrupt politics and corrupt business. The machine is simply another name for the kind of organization which is certain to grow up in a party or a section of a party controlled by such bosses as these and their henchmen, whereas, of course, an effective organization of decent men is essential in order to secure decent politics."

When the
Bosses began
to fight him

When did opposition begin against Mr. Roosevelt? The opposition began by the bosses when, aged 23, as a member of the Legislature, Mr. Roosevelt carried a motion to impeach a corrupt judge. As first he stood alone. What was the result? The bosses suppressed the bill, and decided that he was "no good." Did they succeed in defeating him the next year? No, for that was the year Grover Cleveland swept the state, as a civil service reformer by 200,000 majority. So strong was Roosevelt's feeling for reform that he showed his willingness to support Governor Cleveland in certain reforms. It was in the Legislature that Mr. Roosevelt was first found "impossible" by the machine. It was in the Legislature that a politician, in trying to remove Mr. Roosevelt's objections to a bill, urged him not to "let the Constitution come between friends." There he learned his "first real lesson in politics," to stand alone for a clear principle, but to work with men as they are until such an emergency comes." There he

First Lesson

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

told the people of the "bitter cry of the crowded sweat shops of the city tenements" and had a bill passed for their relief. It was there, as chairman of a Committee he investigated New York City official life, exposed a great deal of graft, and gave the people of New York the chance to secure good government.

But has it ever been possible for a really romantic nature to satisfy his soul with the hubbub of politics? Such at least was not the case with Mr. Roosevelt, one of the most romantic of men. Between legislative sessions he answered the call of the wilderness and sought the vast, mysterious silences and hardships of the golden West. His open nature, kindliness, democratic spirit, and readiness to do his part, won him the love of the plainsmen. The exposure to the snows and the hard, open-air tasks gave him a body of the strength of steel. When the young legislator left the train at the shanty-town of Medora, in North Dakota, the act rendered that spot forever historic.

Answers the
Call of the
Wild

In 1886, he was recalled to the East to be defeated for mayor of New York by Abram S. Hewitt; in 1889, he was appointed on the National Civil Service Commission. While in this position he made an address to the correspondents of the Southern press in which he said: "This is an institution not for Republicans and not for Democrats, but for the whole

Recalled to
New York

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Services as
Police
Commissioner

American people." In 1895-97, he was President of the New York Police Commission. At that time the New York police were the most corrupt body of officials in the world. "A man could not be appointed a policeman until he had paid from \$200 to \$300 and to be promoted to a captaincy cost as high as \$12,000 to \$15,000. To get their money back they had to blackmail the lawless elements of the population." Did Mr. Roosevelt stand such corruption? It goes without saying that he did not. The boldness and success of his reforms astonished the country and dumbfounded the bosses. Not only did he stop the system of paying for promotions, but required, in new appointments, a "good primary common school educational test, after the moral and physical examination was passed. Some of the answers returned were indicative of several things. "For instance," says Mr. Roosevelt, "one of our questions in a given examination was to name five of the New England States. One competitor, obviously of foreign birth, answered: "England, Ireland, Scotland, Whales and Cork." Many of the applicants thought Abraham Lincoln a general in the civil war; several that he was President of the Confederate States; three that he had been assassinated by Jefferson Davis, "one by Thomas Jefferson, one by Garfield, several by Guiteau, and one by Ballington Booth;" some applicants thought Chicago to be on the Pacific

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Ocean, while others answered that the head of the United States Government was the New York Fire Department.

What was the ultimate outcome? Did he succeed in overcoming the thousand difficulties of this office? He abolished blackmail; he created efficiency where there had been inefficiency; he convinced the men of the force that he believed in a square deal; he enforced the Sunday Closing law against all saloons; he enforced the neglected tenement-house law, and "promptly seized fully one hundred wretched and crowded hives of the helpless poor," diminishing in one locality the death-rate to less than one-half. A characteristic scene occurred during a procession of the German element to protest against the Sunday Closing of the saloons. Roosevelt was on the reviewing stand with other city officials. A Franco-German veteran in the procession, unaware of the Commissioner's proximity, shouted out as he was passing, "Wo ist der Roosevelt? (Where is Roosevelt?)" Imagine his surprise when he saw just above him those large two eye-glasses and gleaming white teeth as he heard the answer, "Hier bin ich. Was willst du, Kamrad?" (Here I am. What do you wish comrade). "Hoch! Hoch! Roosevelt," shouted the old fellow as he hurried along much chagrined.¹

What he did
as Commis-
sioner

¹ Morgan.

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What was the
"Big Stick"?

But what shall we say of the policy of the Big Stick? Where did the term originate? It came from an expression of his attitude in reference to America defending the Monroe Doctrine. This expression is, "There is an old adage which runs, 'Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far.' " It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Roosevelt adopted the first rather than the latter part of the saying in all his policies. He was in no sense a bully, although the fierce, powerful interests opposed by him tried to make it appear so. As a biographer says: "the weapon in his hand takes the form of a righteous cause, charged with the irresistible force of public opinion." His so-called big stick was not in any sense a policy of the "shirt sleeve" variety of brag, and bluster and discourtesy, but the opposite. It enabled him to secure from the Pope the recall of the Spanish Friars from the Philippines; it enabled him to check the bombardment of the Venezuelan port by British and German war vessels in 1903; it enabled him in the same year to deliver the petition of protest to Russia against outrages on the Jews; it enabled him to end the Russian-Japanese War, June 12, 1905. (Mr. Root said of this last that Mr. Roosevelt held the most important portfolio in the Cabinet—that of "Secretary of Peace." Mr. Root's opinion was justified; for that service to mankind, Mr. Roosevelt received the

What He
accomplished

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Nobel Peace Prize). It enabled him to send our fleet around the world, thus redoubling the respect of the world for the military possibilities of America; it enabled him to build the Panama Canal.

But from what quarter did the burly and criminal-looking cartoons come? There is no doubt that they were a part of a systematized propaganda to destroy his influence in his own party. And what was more natural? As President, Mr. Roosevelt took up the fight against industrial monopolies. What was the consequence? He stired up a hornet's nest. Both enemies and friends, democrats and republicans, admit his masterful fight. "There have been aristocracies," he says in his Autobiography, "which have played a great and beneficent part at stages in the growth of mankind; but we had come to the stage where for our people what was needed was a real democracy; and of all forms of tyranny the least attractive and the most vulgar is the tyranny of mere wealth, the tyranny of a plutocracy." But was Mr. Roosevelt the original mover against monopoly in our industries? Was not the Sherman Anti-Trust Law a United States Law, the purpose of which was "to destroy monopoly and curb industrial combinations"? And further, had not the Government, under President Cleveland, brought suit to prevent the Sugar Trust from obtaining control of

The worst
Tyranny

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What made
the Sherman
Law a dead
letter

three additional companies in Philadelphia. Is it not true that one of the purposes of that suit, known as the Knight case, was to prevent the Sugar Trust from controlling 98% of all our sugar production? Those things are all true. But it is also true that the case had gone against the Government. The Supreme Court had held, with only one dissenting vote, that the Sugar Trust had the right to acquire those three companies by an exchange of its stock for theirs. Such a decision made the Sherman Anti-Trust law a dead letter. Both the President and Congress were powerless to interfere. Big trusts rapidly multiplied, free from all harm under the protection of that decision. What was Mr. Roosevelt, the President, to do? Many smaller corporations and industries went to the wall and others were suffering. A clamor came up from the people. In the meantime, under the name of the Northern Securities Company, a gigantic attempt was made, under this Knight case decision, to put into one holding company the vast Northwestern railway systems. Mr. Roosevelt leaped into the arena almost immediately after he became President. He was at that time even a more picturesque figure than usual. The "big stick" put in some of its heaviest blows. He was caricatured and abused by papers friendly to the "interests" from Maine to California; but he was making history and winning popularity among

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

the people. He ordered his Attorney-General, Mr. Knox, to institute proceedings for the dissolution of the Securities Company—the railway trust in question. It was done. The Government lost, because of the Knight case decision. The big trusts laughed at his discomfiture. But it was dangerous to laugh in front of those drooping, honest eyes of Roosevelt. He never faced big game with only one load in his gun. The next time he invaded the Supreme Court itself and asked a reversal of the Knight case, “in the interest of the people against monopoly and privilege.” I remember that at the time he was regarded as rather irreverent toward that august body; but he had the sympathy of the majority of the just and cool-headed men in America of both political parties. He won by a vote of 5 to 4. But had he really accomplished his purpose? He had “established the power of the Government to deal with all great corporations.” But would this be an efficient enough instrument to break up monopoly of industries? He did not think so. What did he do? He sought the establishment of a Federal Commission which “should put a stop to abuse of big corporations and small corporations alike.” Such a Commission “would destroy monopoly, and make the biggest business man in the country conform squarely to the principles laid down by the American people, while at the same time

He attacked
the Knight
Case Decision

He wins
5 to 4

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giving fair play to the little man and certainty of knowledge as to what was wrong and what was right both to big and little man." He never succeeded in having such a Commission created; but his efforts led to the establishment of a "Department of Commerce and Labor, and with it the erection of the Bureau of Corporations."

What
Roosevelt
regarded as
His Greatest
Services

Roosevelt left the Presidency in March, 1909, of all preceding Presidents the most popular with the people. For seven and a half years he had stood for civic righteousness. He regarded as his most important accomplishments the construction of the Panama Canal; his intervention for peace between Russia and Japan; and his sending the fleet around the world. Mr. LaFollette, a political enemy, said that none of these compared with other achievements of the retiring President. Among these were: the making of reform respectable; the doctrine of the square deal; and the conservation of our national resources. I quote from LaFollette's Magazine: "Nothing can be greater or finer than this. It is so great and so fine that when the historian of the future shall speak of Theodore Roosevelt he is likely to say that he did many notable things—but that his greatest work was inspiring and actually beginning a world-movement for staying terrestrial waste and saving for the human race the things upon which, and upon which alone,

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great and peaceful and progressive and happy race-life can be founded.”

May we say with Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, As a Statesman Jr.: “As a statesman his place is among the greatest America has produced; but as a man, he stands with the noblest, most valiant and most appealing in history. It is not his deeds but his qualities of character which constitute the splendor of the heritage he has left us”? Here is the message written by Mr. Roosevelt for the New York Bible Society and placed in Testaments given to our soldiers:

“The teachings of the New Testament are foreshadowed in Micah’s verse: ‘What more doth the Lord require of thee than to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.’

Do justice; and therefore fight valiantly against the armies of Germany and Turkey, for these nations in this crisis stand for the reign of Moloch and Beelzebub in this earth.

Love mercy; treat prisoners well; succor the wounded; treat every woman as if she were your sister; care for the little children, and be tender with the old and helpless.

Walk humbly; you will do so if you study the life and teachings of the Saviour.

May the God of justice and mercy have you in His keeping.”

What would an honest critic regard as the His most Outstanding Trait most outstanding trait of Theodore Roosevelt?

THE AMERICAN SOUL

Would he say it was energy? Truly he was a man of tremendous energy; but that was not his strongest characteristic. Was it honesty of purpose, kindliness, love of home, love of nature, love of country, manliness, hatred of evil, love of justice? No. What then was it? As I see it, it was an almost abnormal development of a great consciousness. So wonderfully developed was his consciousness that his constant habit was to regard himself and his conduct in a wholly impersonal way. We find him again and again comparing himself with others whether with a cowboy of the plains, or Andrew Jackson, a President. He always gave us an honest judgment of the result, whether favorable or unfavorable to himself. Shallow people sometimes thought this to be egotism. But that idea is absolutely precluded by the fact that his comparisons were most frequently unfavorable to himself. What advantage was this highly developed consciousness? It was advantageous in this particular, whenever he measured up short he immediately devoted his energies to make himself more fit and thus shorten the distance between himself and the object of his comparison. This trait manifested itself from childhood, through youth and middle age. It enabled him to overcome colossal difficulties and gain a permanent place among the great.

THE AMERICAN SOUL

If it were left to my choice to call upon our Eternal Father to send, in His mercy, from among the great spirits of our departed statesmen, a bright evangel to go abroad throughout the earth to herald the advantages to man of the freedom of worship, freedom of opportunity, and freedom of citizenship, as we have them here in our beloved America, I would not ask that Washington or Jackson or Lincoln be sent, as truly great and as truly American as were those great spirits; but I should humbly plead that He send Theodore Roosevelt, who would have a better acquaintance with modern American conditions and, at the same time would share equally the great traits of the immortal trio which I have named.

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